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FRANCES E. WILLARD



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THE STORY OF
Frances E. Willard



by

Gertrude Stevens Leavitt



1905

L. H. NELSON COMPANY

PORTLAND, MAINE

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The Story *of* Frances E. Willard

THURSDAY noon, September 28th, 1839, there was great rejoicing in the Willard home in Churchville, New York, for into it a much desired baby girl had come. The mother thought she would like to name the little daughter Victoria for England's Queen who had just been placed upon the throne, but it was finally decided that Frances Elizabeth was both a good and pretty name for an American girl, and for this one in particular.

Frances was a pretty child, with blue eyes and sunny hair, and was called the "doll baby of the village." She talked when she was little more than a year old, but her little feet took no firm steps until she had reached her second birthday. Her kind father, who helped take care of her, used to say that she ought to grow into something wonderful, for she caused trouble enough. Although she had crying times she was a winsome, affectionate little creature, early showing great love for those about her—a prophecy of the time when the whole world should be held in her all-embracing love.

When she was two years old the family moved to Oberlin, Ohio. The journey was made by carriage, and Mrs. Willard held Frances in her arms during the entire trip. The baby was patient, but at times would say to her mother, "Mama, Sissy's dress aches."

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When Mr. and Mrs. Willard reached their destination they established a new home, and as soon as possible, enrolled themselves as students at Oberlin College. These parents were gifted with common and uncommon sense, and believing in higher education for both men and women, determined to acquire as much knowledge as possible. The children enjoyed the life in the college town and Frances used to amuse herself and some of the students as well, by standing on the gate-post and imitating the gestures and speeches of one or more of the sophomores, who would rehearse for her benefit and delight.

At Oberlin, another little girl came into the happy circle and was given the sweet old name of Mary.

After five years of study and peaceful life, Mr. Willard's health failed, and hoping for his recovery, the family took up their march westward. In these days if one wishes to go West, he has simply to buy his ticket, get aboard the train, and in a few hours, or days at most, he has reached his destination. Not so in 1846 when Frances Willard was a little girl. At that time there were no railroads over the Middle West, and the usual way to travel was by means of vehicles called prairie schooners. These were large wagons with canvas tops



“The usual way to travel was by means of vehicles called prairie schooners”

and were similar to what we sometimes see gypsies use. The Willards procured three of these and their journey began. Mr. Willard led the way, Oliver, the only son, drove the second wagon, and Mrs. Willard, with little Frances and baby Mary seated on an old desk in front of her, occupied the

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last conveyance. Dog Fido ran behind.

They did not travel on Sunday, for these good people loved God and tried to keep his commandments, and would not willingly break the Sabbath. Therefore, they rested on that day and Monday morning again



“At ‘Forest Home,’ as the new habitation was called”

began their journey, strengthened in body and in soul.

On their westward way they passed Chicago, and decided not to settle there, for Mr. Willard said the sign, “No Bottom Here,” made him think it unwise to remain in such a swampy place as that. But near Janesville, Wisconsin, they found a spot which was so beautiful a place in which to establish a home, that their journey ended, and preparations were made for the erection of a dwelling.

The family lived in Janesville while the house was being built, but did not wait for its entire completion. At “Forest Home,” as the new habitation was called, this interesting family remained for several years, contented in being “near to nature’s heart.” Every squirrel, every leaf, every stick and stump and stone meant something to these people who,

“Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.”

Under such surroundings, and with parents whose natures were as rare as they were beautiful, what wonder is there that unusual love and sympathy marked the relation of father, mother, brother and sisters?

Games they had in abundance, but different from those played by city children, or even by country lads and lassies of today. Their favorite game was Government, and to make it more complete they instituted what they

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called Fort City. In this the big barn was called the ware-house ; the pig pen, stock yard ; the well, city fountain ; and the granary, city elevator. In the so-called charter of Fort City, was a clause providing that there should be no saloons, and they decided that therefore they would need no jails. Fort City's Rules of Health were simple and sensible;

“Simple food, mostly of vegetables, fish and fowl.
Plenty of sleep, with very early hours for retiring.
Flannel clothing next the skin all the year round.
Feet kept warm, head cool, and nothing worn tight.
Just as much exercise as possible, only let fresh air and sunshine go together.
No tea or coffee for the children, and no alcoholic drinks or tobacco for anybody.
Tell the truth and mind your parents.”

Frances could skilfully use carpenters' tools and made carts, sleds, guns and whips, but she “hated the sight” of a dish-cloth or duster. Gentle little Mary took kindly to household duties, while Frank, as she was called, loved best the things out-of-doors. Nevertheless, no one cared more for home comforts and associations than did this dear soul, and no one placed a higher value upon them. An illustration of that fact is furnished by a lady who at one time displayed her new home to Miss Willard. After seeing all the rooms except the kitchen, the guest asked to be shown that, explaining that she considered it a most important part of a house and its equipment. The devotion which she felt for home in its best and broadest sense, was in after life evinced by the desire she had to “make the whole world home-like,” for which purpose she made tremendous sacrifices.

Of all holidays, Fourth of July was the one most enthusiastically observed at Forest Home. A flag made by Frances from an old pillow case, with red stripes and gilt stars, was proudly carried in their processions, and we are told that generous brother Oliver allowed sister Frances to carry the flag half of the time. Perhaps this, added to the example set by Mr. Willard, helped to form in the child's mind the deep conviction, that men and women are equally just and good.

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“She named it Eagle’s Nest in memory of the shelter of long ago”

While the children usually played together, there was one place which was Frances’ own. In an old oak tree she fixed a seat, and there, shielded by the branches of the tree, she was safe from intrusion and observation. This refuge was marked by a sign bearing these words: “The Eagle’s Nest — Beware!” In after years, when she was weary and worn and needed a place of restful retreat, friends gave her a charming little cottage in the Catskills, and she named it Eagle’s Nest in memory of the shelter of long ago.

Little spending money had the children of the Willard family but they did not complain, for they had no need of dimes or dollars. Such playthings and implements as they needed could be had for nothing, and life was full of

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“ Little school-house a mile away, built by Mr. Willard and a neighbor ”

pleasure and of work.

Mike, one of the farm-hands, once gave Frances fifty cents, and she carefully considered its purchasing power. She bought with it a ticket to a menagerie, some peppermint candy and a blank book in which to write an essay. The writer has heard her.

tell of something else, and even a kinder thing, which this same Mike did for her. In course of time he was married and had three sturdy sons; and at the time of a campaign for prohibition he wrote Miss Willard that, as the law would not allow her to vote, he and his boys would vote to please her, adding that he had not forgotten the kindness shown him on the farm.

The family Bible contained a pledge signed first by the father and mother and then by the children. It read,

“ A pledge we make no wine to take,
Nor brandy red that turns the head,
Nor fiery rum that ruins home,
Nor whiskey hot that makes the sot,
Nor brewer's beer, for that we fear,
And cider, too, will never do —
To quench our thirst we'll always bring
Cold water from the well or spring ;
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.”

The children of our story were thoughtful of animals for their mother taught them to be kind to every living creature, and one of the first verses they ever learned was this from Cowper :

“ I would not rank among my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.”

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One of the important parts of Fort City was the pets' graveyard, and in it one found such inscriptions as these:

“Beauty and Brighty, our pet rabbits,
We loved them, but they died.”

MARY'S WHITE KITTEN.

“Alas ! poor pet, and did it die ?
How dismal this must be !”

Although the foundation of the education of the Willard children was early laid at home, it had its formal beginning in a little school-house a mile away, built by Mr. Willard and a neighbor. When Frances was seventeen, she and Mary were sent to Milwaukee Female College, one of whose teachers was their aunt. They completed their education at the Northwestern Female College, at Evanston, Illinois, in which city, now the loveliest of the suburbs of Chicago, Mr. Willard built the house which is now famous as Rest Cottage, the home of Frances Willard.



“The house which is now famous as Rest Cottage”

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How Frances was regarded by her college mates is well expressed by one of them, Mary Bannister, who afterwards became her sister-in-law.

“Frances was at first thought proud, haughty and independent,—sins in school-girl codes. The shyness which she concealed under a mask of indifference, gave the impression that she really wished to stand aloof from her mates. When it came to reciting, all shyness vanished. ‘My! can’t she recite?’ ‘The new girl beats us all!’—these were ejaculations that testified to honest school-girl opinion and prophesied her speedy success.

“In a few weeks after entering college she was chosen editor of the college paper, and leader of all the intellectual forces among the students. She was in no sense, however, ‘a prig.’ None of us was more given over to a safe kind of fun and frolic. She was an inventor of sport, and she devised many an amusement which involved considerable exercise of wit and intelligence.”

During her college life, the girls, not wishing to be outdone by the boys, established a Greek fraternity of their own. They were supposed to have interesting secret rites, but we learn that they did nothing more awful than collecting autographs. Some to whom they wrote scolded them well, particularly Horace Greeley. His letter was so hard to decipher, that the girls showed it without fear to the boys, who, not being able to read it, felt envious because Mr. Greeley had written it. Abraham Lincoln sent his autograph, and Longfellow wrote out a verse of *Excelsior* for them. They sent a request for her autograph to Queen Victoria, addressing the letter:

“VICTORIA,
BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
LONDON,
ENGLAND,
THE WORLD,”

but she did not reply.

In spite of fun and nonsense Frances did not neglect her studies, and graduated at the head of her class. Miss Anna Gordon, in her biography of Miss Willard, thus sums up her student life;

“Taking it all in all, we find her brave and modest, merry and wise, winsome, gentle, generous and good, gracious in her dignity, dainty in her attire, superb in her friendliness, remarkable in scholarship, and valedictorian of her class.”

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Not long after Frances and Mary finished school, the first great grief of her life came to the elder sister, for God took Mary to Heaven. Sometime before, Frances had learned to "say 'yes' to God," and although bowed with sorrow she drew nearer to her Heavenly Father, who had taken Mary to live with him. "Nineteen Beautiful Years" is the name of a little book, which "As a tribute, Frank, in tears and loneliness brought to lay on Mary's grave." This record of a sweet young life has proved a help and an inspiration to young women the world around.



"Mary"

When Frances had finished college she determined to turn her education to practical account, and became a country school teacher. Her ability soon released her from this position, and she was in turn, assistant, teacher, and preceptress in different institutions of learning, finally becoming in 1871, President of Evanston College for Ladies, the first woman ever called to such a position. This college was connected with the Northwestern University and eventually became a part of it. After the union Miss Willard's position in the University was that of Professor of Æsthetics. Her ideas of self-government were wonderfully simple and wise, and those who were her students unite in praising her both as an instructor and a friend. A change in the presidency of the University making it impossible for her to successfully carry on her method, she felt called upon to resign, which she accordingly did in 1874.

Previous to her election as president of Evanston College for Ladies, Miss Willard, in company with her friend, Miss Kate Jackson, went abroad, and the two sailed from New York one fine spring day. Reaching the shores

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“ Miss Willard went to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral spire in London ”

of Ireland these two women began a tour of delight. They included in their itinerary Great Britain, the continental countries, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

They enjoyed the “ Garden of Eden ” as the English call the Isle of Wight, and spent a few happy hours at Carisbrooke and Arreton, visiting at the latter place the quaintest church in all the kingdom. The next day Miss Willard went to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral spire in London, a gymnastic feat which she was determined to accomplish because a Boston man had said no woman could or should do it.

They climbed the Alps to visit the famous Hospice of St. Bernard. There they ate their dinner of rice soup, omelet, codfish and potatoes, stewed pears, rice pudding, figs, filberts, cake and tea. Later in the evening, they sat

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around the roaring fire on the hearth and engaged in friendly conversation with the "Hospitable Father." He talked freely and proved a delightful host. He told them many tales of rescue by the brave, handsome dogs which are such a factor in the work of the hospice.

The father spoke of his connection with the institution and expressed his satisfaction at maintaining his good health, saying that some of his predecessors could not remain in the high altitude. He cheerfully answered many questions and at last one of the party said: "Why are you here?" Slowly and emphatically the monk replied: "Brother, it is my calling."



“ They climbed the Alps to visit the famous Hospice of St. Bernard ”

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In Paris they went to the College de France, where women were allowed to listen to the lectures. During their stay in the French capital, they lived in a family of culture and refinement, one of whose members was a winsome little girl. She frequently sat in Miss Willard's lap, eagerly talking with her, and unconsciously proved an able teacher, for her grown up friend afterwards said that from her, more than from any other source, she learned the French language as it is spoken by the intelligent classes.

In Italy, all Miss Willard's love of humanity was stirred. Although charmed with things beautiful and interesting she felt heart-sick at all the misery she saw. She has said "that whatever else Rome taught her, she surely learned an intense love and tender pity for her race."

But in spite of sadness, her beauty-loving soul rejoiced to behold St. Peter's and the other noble structures in Rome. The treasures of the Vatican



"Her beauty-loving soul rejoiced to behold St. Peter's and the other noble structures in Rome"



“In Egypt they gazed into the face of the Sphinx, and climbed the pyramid of Cheops”
charmed her, and few of the gems of painting and sculpture escaped her observation.

In Egypt they gazed into the face of the Sphinx, and climbed the pyramid of Cheops, Miss Willard reaching the top in advance of the others. But she said she felt as if she were stepping from a floor to a mantel-piece, and envied a bird which smoothly circled round the summit of the pyramid.

In Palestine, they trod with reverent delight the paths familiar to the “Holy Child of Bethlehem;” they walked in old Jerusalem and visited the places ever sacred because the Son of God had lived, and taught and suffered there.

Everywhere they went they saw the noteworthy places, and sought out those which particularly appealed to them, going leisurely and with understanding, and returning to America with satisfaction and delight at being once more in their native land.

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Although eminent as a teacher, the fame attaching itself to Miss Willard's name comes largely from her career as a Christian philanthropist, — a temperance reformer. While she was a professor at Northwestern University, there occurred in Ohio what was known as the Woman's Crusade. Women, feeling in their souls that God had something for them to do in the temperance movement, went in praying bands to the saloons, pleading with the keepers to forsake their wicked business. Many heeded them, and for a time a wave of fervor swept the Middle West. As months went by, this enthusiasm settled into a

quiet, earnest purpose, and as a result the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized. Always quick to believe in good and progressive things, Miss Willard took an interest in the organization, and, feeling, as she said, that she ought to help "just where she was," made it a point to inform and instruct her pupils along this line

In a short time came her resignation from the University and she was at liberty to look more deeply into the new movement. For this purpose she went East, met and talked with Neal Dow,



“Neal Dow, ‘The apostle of temperance’ ”

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“The apostle of temperance,” Mary Livermore, of wide renown, and Lillian M. N. Stevens, upon whom in after years was to fall Miss Willard’s mantle of leadership. When the National Union was formed in the autumn of 1874, Miss Willard became its corresponding secretary, holding that office until 1879 when she was elected president, continuing in that position the remainder of her life.

While in the early stages of her temperance career, Miss Willard assisted Mr. Moody in a series of religious meetings in Boston and at one of them met the



“Lillian M. N. Stevens, upon whom in after years was to fall Miss Willard’s mantle of leadership”

young woman who was to play such an important part in her life, and in the growth and progress of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union. It happened in this way. There was no one to play the organ and the leader of the meeting called for a volunteer. Miss Anna Gordon responded and from that day became Miss Willard’s traveling companion, private secretary, co-worker in the temperance reform and her devoted friend. It was fitting that their friendship should have a musical beginning, for the “divine harmonies” in Miss Willard’s life were rendered even more beautiful by her close connection with

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“ It was fitting that their friendship should have a musical beginning, for the ‘divine harmonies’ in Miss Willard’s life were rendered even more beautiful by her close connection with this lovely, gifted soul ”

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this lovely, gifted soul. "The Beautiful Life of Frances Willard," written by Miss Gordon, has given us an insight into what was most beautiful and best in the leader's life, and women everywhere gratefully acknowledge their debt to the biographer.

After Miss Willard's election to the presidency of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, she advanced her "Do Everything" policy. Some people have criticised this, believing that the temperance women would better try to reform drinking men and leave other lines alone. But this deep-thinking and far-sighted woman knew that the temperance question touches well-nigh everything, and that an organization of thousands of women could undertake more than one kind of endeavor. As a result, departments of work were formed, with a superintendent at the head of each. The work done by these superintendents has been remarkable. Among other things, in every state and territory of this country there has been a law enacted providing that the children in the public schools shall be taught the danger and effect of alcohol and of narcotics. Children's temperance societies, called "Loyal Temperance Legions," have been formed all over the land. Temperance teaching has been introduced into the Sunday-schools. Work has been done for all classes of men and women; temperance literature has been published and distributed far and wide; social meetings, mass meetings, and prayer meetings have received much attention. Peace and arbitration, Christian citizenship, flower mission work,—these are but a few of the departments developed by the policy of the wonderful woman who led so wisely and so well, always considering first and foremost the principles of total abstinence and prohibition.

Early in her work Miss Willard saw that "Alone we can do little. Separated we are the units of weakness, but aggregated we become batteries of power." Believing this, she set herself the task of visiting, and organizing a union in all the larger towns and cities of this country. That she and Anna Gordon accomplished this tremendous undertaking in one year, shows how they worked and spared not themselves.

Her work in the Southern states stands out prominently in the annals of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Her first audience in that section

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“ Miss Willard originated the Polyglot petition ”

of the country was in Charleston, South Carolina. The gentleman who introduced her alluded to the fact that she was “a woman, a Northern woman, a Northern temperance woman,” bringing them the magic initials W. C. T. U. He added that he hoped the letters might mean to the

south, “ We Come to Unite,” and to the liquor sellers, “ We Come to Upset.”

It has been said that Frances Willard, by the charm of her presence, the sweetness of her voice and the lovable qualities of her nature, did more than any other person to bring together the hearts of the Northern and Southern women. Everywhere, she received gracious hospitality and attentive interest, and succeeded in establishing auxiliary unions in all parts of the South.

Although she was an earnest patriot, Miss Willard’s love of country did not stop with her own, and her heart went out to other lands. It was in response to her appeal that the first round-the-world temperance missionaries set out. The success of the undertaking is seen in the fact, that today the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union is organized in fifty-nine nations of the world.

The poet Whittier, when asked to write a few lines to be placed beneath the bust of Miss Willard, executed by Anne Whitney, wrote these words ;

“ She knew the power of banded ill,
But felt that love was stronger still,
And organized for doing good,
The World’s united womanhood.”

Miss Willard originated the Polyglot Petition, which is addressed to the heads of the governments of the world, praying for the prohibition of the liquor traffic and opium trade. By systematic work, seven million names, as well as

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attestations of great societies, were secured, and the petition was presented to the President of the United States and six months later to the Queen of England. It is still on its way around the world.

No one who ever heard Miss Willard speak can forget the experience. Her voice was wonderfully sweet and clear, her eloquence marvelous, her logic convincing and her personality magnetic and captivating. No one could feel that she was other than a womanly woman, loving, and therefore serving, God and her fellow man.

Miss Willard was the author of many books. One of the first was "How to Win," which was written especially for girls.

Among the others are "Woman and Temperance," an account of the growth of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; "A Classic Town," the history of the city of Evanston, Illinois; "A Young Woman Journalist," a book for young women entering the career of journalism; "Glimpses of Forty Years," her autobiography; "A Great Mother," the biography of her mother; "Woman in the Pulpit," and other books mentioned elsewhere in this story. She wrote for many magazines and leading papers, and for a time was one of the editors of the Chicago Evening Post.

As her mother's health declined, Miss Willard gave up much of her public speaking for a time, tenderly ministering to the dear one; at the same time attending to her work by correspondence. Madam Willard's health grew frailer and frailer and at last she peacefully slipped from this world, leaving her daughter grieving and desolate.

Not long before, there had come to the United States a gracious woman, Lady Henry Somerset, who, as presi-



"Madam Willard's health grew frailer and frailer"

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“ A gracious woman, Lady Henry Somerset ”

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dent of the British Woman's Temperance Association, was eager to see and know Miss Willard. While here she had learned to love "America's Queen," as Miss Willard has often been called, and having loved Madam Willard, too, knew how bereft the mother's death would leave the daughter. Therefore, when there came a cable message announcing the sad news Lady Henry urged Miss Willard and Miss Gordon to come to her at once. The invitation was accepted, and in August, 1893, they sailed for England. The writer remembers a telegram which came from Miss Willard just before they sailed. It read, "Good-bye, pray us safely over." No need to ask for prayers, for prayers and loving thoughts went with the voyagers, and gratitude was felt to the English sister who welcomed the sorrowing ones.

As soon as Miss Willard recovered from the first shock of her mother's death, she again took up the thread of her life-work. Great meetings were held in England, and much honor was shown the woman, who years ago on the Wisconsin prairie asked the childish question, "Shall we ever go anywhere, or see anything, or know anybody?" There followed days of rest at Eastnor Castle, the home of Lady Henry Somerset, or at Reigate Priory, one



"There followed days of rest at Eastnor Castle"

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“ Here, at the age of fifty-three, Miss Willard learned to ride a wheel ”

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of Lady Henry's charming country homes. Here, at the age of fifty-three, Miss Willard learned to ride a wheel, and her experiences in doing this are delightfully told in her book, "How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle."

No one has forgotten the atrocious treatment which the Armenians received from the Turks a few years ago, and everyone should know the part which Miss Willard took in rendering aid to the persecuted race. She and Lady Henry Somerset were about to go to Normandy for a brief period of rest, when they read in the English papers that a large number of Armenian refugees were in Marseilles, France. The French government did not know what to do with the strangers, and allowed them to stay in an old barn until a decision was reached. After reading the account, Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset abandoned all thought of rest and went to Marseilles. With the help of the Salvation Army, they secured suitable places of lodging for the Armenians, provided food and clothes, and arranged to distribute the refugees on the continent, in England and in America. They sent many to the United States, where they were welcomed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. As the eager-eyed travellers saw a friendly face and the white ribbon badge, one of their number stepped forward and said with profound relief, "Willard, Willard." To these victims of Turkish violence, this one name represented all that is good and kind and friendly. The work at Marseilles was only the beginning of an organized effort, which meant financial and other aid to the martyr nation, and there is no brighter spot in Miss Willard's career than that which shows so plainly her "practical power, cool level-headedness, quiet judgment and careful choice of means to an end."

With occasional trips back and forth, England, as well as America, was Miss Willard's home the last few years of her life. The work in this country was not neglected and the national conventions of that period were well planned and interesting, showing the steadiness of the hand resting on the helm, and the skillful steering of the temperance ship.

The last months of Miss Willard's life were spent in some of the places known and loved when she was a girl. Then, planning to go back to England for the spring and summer of 1898, and wishing to be in New York to attend

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“ A large number of Armenian refugees were in Marseilles ”

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to some duties for a time before departing, she and Miss Gordon went to that city, guests at the Hotel Empire, whose proprietor, Mr. Quinn, had invited them to come. Two weeks after they arrived, Miss Willard seemed far from well, but at first little uneasiness was felt. As the days passed she gradually failed, and at last her anxious friends knew that the great and noble life was drawing to an earthly close. February 17th, the summons came, and her home-going was what one would expect from her well-lived life. All the world will ever cherish her last words, believing that she, who had lived on earth close to God, was so satisfied with the prospect of the other life, that as she passed away she murmured: "How beautiful it is to be with God." The rest which cannot come on earth God had given her in heaven.

For no woman in the world was there ever such wide spread mourning. In many places flags—the stars and stripes she loved—were at half-mast, great memorial meetings were held, and all united to pay tribute to this remarkable woman. After services at New York, and along the route to Chicago, Miss Willard's earthly remains lay in state in that city before being taken to Rest Cottage, at Evanston, where the last services were held. The disposition of her "earthly house" was in accordance with her expressed wish. By cremation, "that path of pure refining fire," the beloved form became ashes, pure and white as the soul to which it belonged, and found its resting place in the grave of the mother who had been the author and inspiration of Frances Willard's life.

From every quarter of the globe have come tributes varied and unique; from the unlearned as well as from the scholar, from the outcast as well as from the saint. Out of them all only three need here be told—three which show their range.

A young teacher had been telling her class how Miss Willard had lived and died, and not long after, a little, wayward boy said to her: "Teacher, I meant to cheat in school today and then I thought of Frances Willard, and somehow I didn't feel naughty any more."

The 17th of February, the anniversary of Miss Willard's death, is called her "heavenly birthday," and when that day comes every Woman's Christian

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“ A fitting representation of the noble subject ”

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Temperance Union is supposed to hold a commemorative meeting. Again the story of her life is told, the principles of the organization she loved are set forth, and an offering is taken to be added to the fund used, in her name, for the extension of the work so dear to her heart.

February 17th, 1905, her home State of Illinois paid its tribute in a manner having national, as well as local significance. It is well known that each state has the privilege of placing in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol building at Washington, statues of two of its most famous citizens. Illinois has hitherto chosen but one upon whom to bestow this distinction, but now it has honored itself by selecting Miss Willard as the second one whose statue shall occupy a place in the hall of fame. Miss Helen Farnsworth Mears, of Wisconsin, is the sculptor, and she has wrought into the marble a fitting representation of the noble subject. As one marvels at the beauty of the statue, he feels that here at last is an appropriate tribute to Frances Willard, the underlying principles of whose character were as firm as the glistening marble, whose heart was as pure as its snowy whiteness.

“ Through such souls alone,
God stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For us in the dark to rise by.”



FRANCES E. WILLARD

Statuary Hall, February 17, 1905.

BY

KATHERINE LENT STEVENSON

How still she stands !

The snow-peak kissed by morning's glad first-beam,
The violet, bending to the woodland stream,
The hush of twilight grey, before dawn's gleam,
Are not more still.

How loved she stands !

Unnumbered souls their costliest incense bring ;
O'er all the world her name doth heart-bells ring ;
Love-notes to her e'en little children sing ;
How loved she stands !

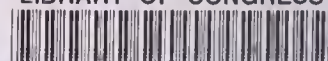
A Seer she stands !

To her clear eyes Truth's radiant sweep unfolds ;
She reads what, down the years, the future holds ;
She sees things heavenly 'neath their earthly mould ;
A Seer she stands !

Stand, radiant soul !

Here, in the center of our Nation's heart ;
Forever of its best life thou'rt a part ;
Here thou shalt draw thy land to what thou art ;
Stand, radiant soul !

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